C-221-5-6

Northern Messenger

EW Bronscombe 230 30 09

VOLUME XLIV. No. 18 MONTREAL, APRIL 30, 1909. 40 Cts. Per An.

'No paper so well fitted for the general needs of Canadian Sabbath Schools.'—Wm. Millar, McDonald's Corners, Ont.

'THEY'VE PULLED TOGETHER FOR MANY YEARS.'

—'Friendly Greetings.

Team Work

Have you ever seen a team when one horse balked and refused to do his share of the work? Have you ever watched the strength of the willing horse wasted in mere dragging of the unruly one over the ground? Have you seen the driver after careful going over of harness and strap, to assure himself that no sore spot or sharp buckle was causing the trouble, give the severe punishment that must be given if the ugly temper, the lazy stupidity, is to be overcome?

There is no thought of allowing such conduct to go on. A horse must work with his mate. No one questions that. All honor to the faithful animals who seldom refuse. As a rule, like the pair in our picture, they strain hard in their effort to each do his share. So much a habit does the working harmoniously together often become that, grown old in service and turned out to end their days in pasture, the good old servants will still run shoulder to shoulder. How often they seem more reasonable and sensible than the men and women who, desiring the accomplishment of the one object, cannot put aside their own ideas of how it should be done and waste time and strength in stupid interference with each other's work.

There is no more valuable lesson that a boy learns at school or college than the one his team work gives him. Whether it be football or any other game, the real thing it brings him is the power to work with others. He may be able to do brilliant work alone, but if that brilliant work interferes with the team's ultimate success, his captain will tell him to 'cut it out,' and out it comes. At first he may rebel, but before long the game will count for more to him than his own small vanity and pride in his own achievements, and then he is ready for big things. The big things that he alone could never have accomplished.

That girls are being taught this lesson, too, is one of the great advances made in women's education. Too many women accustomed to the despotic rule of their own little home kingdoms find themselves handicapped

by an inability to pull with any other woman. If more than one is in the home, there is constant friction, and nerves and characters suffer. Formerly where societies and clubs were organized for work outside the homes, they were a source of much amusement to the men whose school and business lives had taught them the necessity of sinking personal feelings and ambitions, if any advance was to be made.

Pull together in home life, man and wife; mother and father and children; brothers and sisters and friends. Pull together with neighbors and business acquaintances; pull together with church members and all workers for good. Pull together and your strength will be doubled, not thrown away in mere stupid resistance.

First and last and always, pull with and not against the Great Father whose power you cannot escape, though you fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, and whose omnipotence, if you accept it, will lift you to heights of triumphant achievement undreamt of in your most ambitious imaginings.

Religious News.

'The report of the Corean mission for the year ended June 30, 1908, is a most remarkable missionary document. In spite of disturbed political conditions, 5,423 communicants have been added. The native contributions amounted to $61,730. There are 797 self-supporting churches in the mission, and 454 schools entirely supported by the Coreans; 12,264 pupils are reported as under instruction in the various schools. In the hospitals and dispensaries under the care of the mission, 46,366 patients were treated.

Being a frontier town, bazaar preaching is not allowed in Quetta, Baluchistan, but all who go to the hospital for treatment have the good tidings proclaimed to them. The missionaries are rejoicing in a recent Mohammedan convert, one who can read and write and knows Persian, Arabic, Pushtu, and Urdu. Miss F. E. Tunbridge, a nurse in the hospital, writes to the 'Church Missionary Gleaner':—

'He was a patient for some time, and then we taught him and read with him, and he decided to become a Christian, and could not understand why we could not baptize him at once. He was baptized on the first Sunday in this year, and now we have kept him as a ward boy, and he is an active Christian and a missionary to his brethren around. Praise God, he is not keeping his Christianity to himself. Four of our ward boys are Christians now, and it is so nice to see them taking a spiritual interest in the various patients who come into their wards. One great drawback to them is the language. Seven different languages we come in contact with in the work here, which makes things very difficult; one is often tempted to denounce the Tower of Babel and its builders. However, we pray that God will help us, and I know He does.'

Dr. Zeller, director of the Statistical Bureau in Stuttgart, has again been working on the Religious Census of the World, and presents us with the results of his investigations. He estimates that of the 1,544,510,000 people in the world, 534,940,000 are Christians, 175,290,000 are Mohammedans, 10,860,000 are Jews, and 823,420,000 are heathens. Of these, 300,000,000 are Confucians, 214,000,000 are Brahmans, and 121,000,000 Buddhists, with other bodies of lesser numbers. In other words, out of every 1,000 of the earth's inhabitants, 346 are Christian, 114 are Mohammedan, 7 are Israelite, and 533 are of other religions. In 1885, in a table estimating the population of the world at 1,461,285,500, the number of Christians was put at 430,284,500; of Jews at 7,000,000; of Mohammedans at 230,000,000, and of heathen at 794,000,000.

Work in Labrador.

A SUMMER SCHOOL IN DR. GRENFELL'S PARISH.

Early one Sunday morning last July the little mail steamer 'Home' anchored at one of her regular ports, a fishing settlement named West St. Modiste, on the Labrador side of the Straits of Belle Isle. I had been travelling for a week towards this destination, where I expected to teach during the next two months, and as may be imagined, looked with much curiosity upon the unfamiliar shore.

I found that there were only thirteen families in West St. Modiste. In winter there are fewer, because some of them move 'up the river.' Half of the people are Roman Catholics, and the others are Methodists. There is no church here, but there are two separate school houses; though some of the Methodist children had attended the Roman Catholic school when there was one, and vice versa.

When I arrived, a young woman who had been teaching since April under the Methodist Board, was still at work. Her term did not close until the following week. This was fortunate for me for it gave me a chance to visit the school and to become accustomed to the life before beginning my own work. This teacher had come to the Labrador in the fall, but had divided her time among three different places, and so could give only three months to each. In many of the settlements along the coast there has never been a teacher.

My school opened in the little Methodist building with nine scholars, but before the end of the week there were twenty-one, from both Protestant and Catholic families. Their ages ranged from five to fourteen. Later three dropped out; two girls to do housework at home, while the elder members of the family were attending to the fish, and a boy, aged ten, to help the 'shoremen' with the cod-trap because his father was sick with the scurvy and had to go to the hospital.

After the short devotional exercises with which we opened the morning session, I usually gave some time to the singing of songs. These pleased the children immensely, especially if they learned motions to accompany the words. But I do not know what chance passerby would have surmised was going on. There was hardly a child who could carry a tune or who displayed any sense of rhythm. One great favorite began:

'Good-morning, dear children, good-morning to all,
The clock strikes the hour—we come at its call.'

They shouted this vociferously. But the joke of it was that there was no standard time, and no two clocks in the place were alike. The sessions were supposed to be from 9.30 to 12.30, and from 1.30 to 3.30. One mother, however, told me that according to her clock it was after eleven when school opened in the morning.

When the children were ready for school, most of them came to Mr. F's. and sat on the benches around the kitchen until it was time for their teacher to go. Then they would form a bodyguard to conduct her to the school. If her hands were 'full o' gear,' they would beg to carry it for her. In fact, they were affectionate, responsive and lovable, and not very different from other children. Some of them were fond of their books and it seemed a pity that they had so little chance of an education in that direction.

They all seemed well developed in practical ways. Some carpentering was necessary in the school house and Preston, aged ten, attended to it very satisfactorily. A six-year-old boy wrote to me not long ago (by proxy of course): 'I am smart and are Choping wood all day for mother and father to keep them warm.' He had begun to do this before I left, using a full-sized axe, the wood consisting of the small branches of trees, which served these people as fuel.

This practical capability was also exemplified one day at school. One of the boys rushed in shouting, 'The school-house's burning.' In a flash every one of the children was out of doors. We found that a small square place on the roof was blazing. It was an unusually cold day, and we had had a roaring fire of pine boughs in the stove. I ran in to get a chair in order to reach the flames and two of the boys, without my saying a word to them, started off immediately for the nearest house, some distance away. Finding no one at home they grabbed a pail of water and a dipper and were back in no time. The teacher, being the tallest, mounted the chair and threw dipperfuls of water at the burning spot on the roof, while the children stood in a row and called 'good shot!' or 'bad shot!' as the case might be. When the fire was out they all went back into the schoolroom and continued their studying as if nothing had happened.

My schedule was quite varied, including the usual elementary classes in reading, writing, arithmetic, geography and drawing. The last was a particular favorite. Before I left home, Miss Gray, the Secretary in New York, had kindly arranged to let me have a package of necessary school supplies. Among these were some kindergarten sewing cards, weaving mats and colored paper squares. The scholars had never seen anything of the kind before and their joy and pride in their handiwork knew no bounds. Even the old boys teased to have a mat to weave.

In this package were also several copies of a book called 'The Robert Louis Stevenson Reader,' which contains many of Stevenson's children's poems. These little Labradorites enjoyed them, as all children do, and could especially appreciate the ones referring to the sea. Often if I happened to be calling at one of the homes at the children's bed-time, I could hear being repeated overhead such lines as:—'Oh, it's I that am the captain of a tidy little ship,' or 'Dark brown is the river, golden is the sand.'

Two of my scholars were fitted for more advanced readers than I had. But I discovered that Dr. Grenfell had left one of the circulating libraries (a case of about fifty miscellaneous books) with one of the families. A volume of 'Stories of Greek Heroes' borrowed from that answered the purpose very well.

The children would sometimes take library books home with them. I was interested to hear that 'Alice in Wonderland' was passed from child to parent, and had even been carried on board a visiting schooner by a fisherman who had become absorbed in it. Most of the people, however, are not great readers, and they prefer books written in the simplest style.

In recess my small scholars hardly knew what to do with themselves. When left to their own devices the boys would 'heave rocks' at each other or at the telegraph wires. They were delighted with some balls that had been given me for them, but unless I was playing games with them would keep coming to ask if it was not time for school again. One thing was apparently a never failing source of surprise—that their teacher never 'caned' them! This was evidently the method of discipline at home.

After school in the evening I used often to visit the people in their homes, and my relations with them were exceedingly pleasant. The men from the visiting schooners would drop in to the friendly kitchens, and I heard many an interesting tale of a fisherman's luck on the sea, or a trapper's adventures when he had travelled miles inland on a dog sled in winter.

One of the men in West St. Modiste was persuaded several years ago, by friends in Wisconsin to pack up all his goods and move there with his family. But he did not remain long. He said to me, 'Me and moi crew didn't loike Wisconsin. Hit's too fur out o' the world. So we come back to de Labrador.'

Though I was not in Labrador long enough to feel quite as he did, it was with very real regret that I bade good-bye to my hospitable friends there, when two of the most interesting months I have ever spent came to an end. Mary Lane Dwight, in 'Among the Deep Sea Fishers.'

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—Inverness Christian Endeavor, per Eunice M. Mooney, $15.55; W.C.T.U., North Brookfield, N.S., $1.50; Total.. .. ..$ 17.05

Received for the cots:—A Friend, Selwyn.. .. ..$ 7.00

Previously acknowledged for all purposes.. .. ..$ 2,034.57

Total on hand April 14.. .. ..$ 2,058.62

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatik, or cots.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, MAY 9, 1909.

Paul's First Missionary Journey—Antioch in Pisidia.

Acts xiii., 13-16, 38-49. Memory verses, 38, 39. Read Acts xiii., 13-52.

Golden Text.

The word of the Lord was published throughout all the region. Acts xiii., 49.

Home Readings.

Monday, May 3.—Acts xiii., 13-25.
Tuesday, May 4.—Acts xiii., 26-41.
Wednesday, May 5.—Acts xiii., 42-52.
Thursday, May 6.—Luke iv., 14-30.
Friday, May 7.—Ezek. iii., 4-11.
Saturday, May 8.—Zech. vii., 8-14.
Sunday, May 9.—II. Cor. v., 11-21.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Did you ever start out to go anywhere or do anything, and then get frightened and give it up? Perhaps you only did that kind of thing when you were smaller and you are all now ashamed of being afraid. Of course, the only thing we really need to be afraid of in this world, is doing what is wrong. We don't need to be afraid of the dark, or afraid of anything if we are doing what is right. But the Bible tells us about all sorts of people, and it tells us about a young man who was afraid. He started out to be a missionary, and so long as everything went along well he kept at it. He used to live with his mother in Jerusalem, and his uncle was that splendid man Barnabas that all the early Christians loved so much, and that we have often heard about in our lessons. One day Barnabas had to go to Antioch and he took his nephew, John Mark, with him. You remember how Barnabas found everything going so well in Antioch and so many people becoming Christians. Then last Sunday, you know, we learned about how Barnabas and Saul started out to be missionaries, and went to preach to people who had never heard about Jesus. Well, this young man, John Mark, went along with his uncle and Paul, and on the journey everything still went well, and I suppose John Mark, thought being a missionary and having so many people become Christians was just fine. He still went along with Paul and Barnabas when they got on to a ship and sailed away to another country to go on preaching. But here he didn't find it nice at all, for the city that they came to was very hot, and ever so many people had bad fevers, some people think that Paul himself got the fever here, and it was a kind of fever that would keep on coming back to you often afterwards if you once got it. Then John Mark heard that the road that they would have to go over next was very rough, all over big mountains, and there were a great many bands of cruel robbers hidden away in these mountains, so he just turned round and went back home to Jerusalem. It was a pretty nasty kind of a place to leave any one in, just when he was more needed than ever, and Paul didn't think much of him for quite a long while after that. However, we are glad to learn that by-and-by John Mark started out again as a missionary and did such good work that Paul asked to have him come and help him in his work. Meanwhile, however, what did Paul and Barnabas do? Did they get afraid of going over that hard road where there were so many robbers? No, for they remembered that God would take care of them and that God Himself had sent them along that way. So they went on and soon came to another city, much nicer and more beautiful than the last, another city called Antioch, the same name as the city from which they had started out.

FOR THE SENIORS.

The defection of John Mark at Perga we know to have been considered by Paul a fault so grave as to warrant a separation from Barnabas when the latter was inclined to overlook it (Acts xv., 37-40), but it is pleasing to find that the clemency of Barnabas was justified in the young attendant's later life and that Paul and John Mark later became laborers together in warm friendship (Col. iv., 10, 11; II. Tim. iv., 11). There seems to have been no long stop in the low lying unhealthy city of Perga, but that was not out of any selfish consideration, as the road on which the missionaries then travelled to reach Antioch was one of the worst in the Roman Empire, and it is thought that his experiences on this road are referred to by Paul in II. Cor. xi., 26. This Sunday's lesson is of particular interest for the fact that it contains the first reported sermon of St. Paul. Although this is in all probability greatly condensed, yet there is sufficient to give a good idea of his method, his reliance on Scripture, his appeal to familiar ground, and his forceful personal application of the truth. It might profitably be compared with the earlier sermons which we have studied to show how much the apostles leaned on God's word for their authority and how their topic was always 'Jesus Christ and Him crucified.' The sense of the word 'ordained' in verse 48 is not necessarily an arbitrary ruling of God; it may perhaps be better understood by a comparison with our own word 'disposed.' This conveys to us one of two meanings; we may be 'disposed' quite apart from our own will, by a command or a superior officer, in the sense of being placed or arranged in a certain place or way, and we may be 'disposed' in the sense of being entirely guided by our own inclinations. The word rendered 'ordained' in verse 48 will admit of either meaning.

SELECTIONS.

Paul told the Jews at Antioch that they had condemned themselves. It was not his fault; it was not God's fault. The word of God had been spoken to them, but they would not accept it. They thrust it from them, and in so doing passed sentence on themselves, judging themselves unworthy of eternal life. 'Ye search the scriptures, because ye think that in them ye have eternal life,' said Jesus once to the Jews of Capernaum; this is what the Jews of Antioch did. 'And these are they which bear witness of me'; he continued. This the Jews of Antioch would not believe. 'And ye will not come to me, that ye may have life,' sorrowfully added the Giver of eternal life; this was the sin of the Jews of Antioch, the sin by which they judged themselves unworthy of that life, judicially decided themselves unworthy, these men who thought that they alone of all the nations were worthy.

It was the same word of God that was preached to the Gentiles, and they accepted it gladly; by their faith they judged themselves worthy of eternal life. The two expressions, 'unworthy of eternal life' and 'ordained to eternal life,' as Dr. Maclaren points out, are negative and positive sides of the same thought.

'The testimony of the apostles was 'a savor of life unto life or of death unto death"' comments St. Augustine. 'The same fire reddens the gold and burns the dross: under the same threshing-sledge the grain is cleaned and the chaff is crushed out; by the same press-beam the oil is separated from the dregs.'

The most awful and the most splendid fact in human life to me is this, that God puts the reins of my destiny in my own hands, and neither holds the reins before nor behind me.—Lyman Abbott.

He came unto his own and his own received him not; these words are an assertion of the awful ultimateness of the power of free will in man.—Phillips Brooks.

'If a man is not a missionary Christian, he will be a "missing" Christian.'—A. F. Gordon.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, May 9.—Topic—The bonfire at Ephesus. Acts xix., 17-20.

C. E. Topic.

Monday, May 3.—Picture of a preacher. I. Tim. iv., 6-16.

Tuesday, May 4.—The dusty room. Rom. vii., 7-15.

Wednesday, May 5.—Passion and patience. Jas. v., 1-6.

Thursday, May 6.—The fire and oil. Zech. iv., 1-6.

Friday, May 7.—Valiant and despondent. Acts xiv., 20-23; Luke viii., 13.

Saturday, May 8.—The dream of judgment. Rev. xx., 11-15.

Sunday, May 9.—Topic—Pilgrim's Progress Series. IV. The House of the Interpreter. Eccl. xii., 9-14; Jas. i., 19-25.

Sunday-school Truths.

Training is more than teaching. Every child is naturally religious, though some people do their best to make religion and the child unnatural.

Children are not little men and women; they are boys and girls. And the difference between these notions of childhood is very great.

Teach when you can. The time may come when, though you would give anything to teach to-day's teachable child, he will not be taught.

Help the Sunday-school to be better than its reputation.

No one is too old for Sunday-school whose mind is still sound.

Sunday-school workers are the biggest body of unpaid workers in the world, except mothers.

When boys don't like to go to Sunday-school, there is something wrong—with the school.

Decision Day is a great day. But there must be many days of yearning love before it, and many days of loving help after it, or it will do infinite harm to immortal souls.—Selected.

Have You a Flag?

Empire Day is coming, you will want one. Your school will want one. If you have none, we can help you to get one WITHOUT A CENT OF OUTLAY. Two genuine subscriptions to 'World Wide' at $1.50, and three genuine new subscriptions to the 'Weekly Witness' or to the 'Canadian Pictorial' and a fine two yard flag is secured. You can get it also by sending fifteen new subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents; or you can make up a $6.00 list of any of these publications, so long as all subscriptions are new and at full rates. Larger flags for larger lists, but every flag of the very best quality. Everyone so far more than delighted. Let us tell you all about our plan and send you sample pa, pers, etc. (See also 'For the Empire' on another page.)

Address Flag Department, JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 'Witness' Office, Montreal.

CANADIAN PICTORIAL

The following coupon is meant for use of our readers who already get the 'Messenger' through a club of Sunday School and who now wish to order the 'Pictorial' alone at the specially reduced rate of seventy-five cents a year to 'Messenger' readers.

COUPON.

John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Enclosed find seventy-five cents (75c) which with this coupon will pay for a year's subscription to the 'Canadian Pictorial' (regular rate, $1.00), according to special offer made to 'Messenger' readers.

Name.....

P. O.....

Date..... Prov.....

This cut rate good for all Canada outside Montreal and suburbs, also places mentioned in list on second to last page.

Correspondence

ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.

I pledge myself
To speak kindly to others,
To speak kindly of others,
To think kind thoughts,
To do kind deeds.

Anyone may become a member of the R. L. of K. by copying out the above pledge, signing and sending it to the editor.

PLEDGE CARDS.—For those who wish to have them, we issue neat and durable pledge cards, 4 inches by 6, printed in purple and white, and ready to hang on the wall. Single cards, five cents and two cents for postage; six cards to one address, twenty-five cents and two cents for postage.

BADGES.—We also issue for sale with the pledge card, if desired, a neat brooch pin of fine hard enamel, in the above design of a bow in our own league colors, purple and white. Single badge with pledge card, and postage included, twenty-five cents; five badges with pledge cards and postage included to one address, one dollar.

Mark all orders on both envelope and letter with the three letters R.L.K.

Marjorie Clark, H., Ont., writes 'I am going to join the R. L. of K. It is very nice.' Perhaps you forgot to enclose your pledge, Marjorie, for we could not find any pledge in your letter. Write it out and send it in next time you write to us, Marjorie, and then you will be a real member of the League, not just a going-to-be one.

Those who sent in their pledges this week, and whom we are very glad to welcome as members, are:—Erva Young, Quebec, Que.; Willie C. Jarvis, P., Que., and Leslie Gnaedinger, Montreal, Que., again all three from the one province.

M., N.B.

Dear Editor,—We had a heavy freshet yesterday. It is nice to see the water rushing. The snow is all gone, except a little around the fences. Auntie takes the 'Messenger.' We think it splendid. I am going to join the Royal League of Kindness and am sending in my pledge with this letter.

ANNA M. JOHNSON.

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have been having weather here in winter like spring. I wish you could have sent us some of your snow from Montreal so we could have had sleigh riding and had some fun. I got a lot of presents at the Christmas tree. I have only two brothers and they are both working out, so I am home alone and often very lonesome. I have about five rods to walk to school. Dear Editor I wish your little paper great success.

MARGARET E. PARSONS.

A. M., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have a little fox terrier dog named Darkie. Once he got his leg broken, but it is better now. I have a little calf named Beauty, and a tortoise-shell cat named Daisy. She brought two flying squirrels into the house. They were alive, and I was going to keep them for pets, but they got away. Our cat used to catch snakes and play with them. I think the R. L. of K. has a splendid pledge. I will close now hoping that my letter is not too long.

ANNIE L. YOUNG.

W. H., Sask.

Dear Editor,—My uncle has sent me the 'Messenger' for the last year, and I enjoy hearing my father read the correspondence page very much. I thought I would have my mother write you a birth-day letter, as I cannot write very well myself. I am five years old to-day, and I have a dear baby brother named Harold Arthur. He is thirteen months old, and we have fine times together. We have three pets, two cats and a canary named Jock. My grandfather and grandmother live on the homestead adjoining my father's, and I go to see them nearly every day. My grandfather has been quite sick for two weeks, but I hope he will be well soon.

EVA ERMINA WARDELL.

H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am twelve years old, and intend to try the 'Leaving Examination' this summer. I have been out of school a lot since Christmas, and will have to study hard when I get back again. I have been out two weeks now, and may be out all next week, because I have a burn on my left arm. I was keeping house for mamma while she was away, and one day I spilt some boiling tea on my arm. I have no brothers or sisters. My only little brother, Kenneth, died last September, and I miss him very much. I have quite a number of pets, four cats—Negro, Coonie, Foxy, Trixy, and an old dog 'Watch,' who is nearly as old as myself. The people around here are busy making maple syrup these days.

A HOPEFUL KENT LASSIE.

P. S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is the first time I have ever written to the 'Messenger,' so I thought I would tell you a little about the fires. It was awfully dry here last summer and a fire got started. It soon made a big one. It was not far from our place, and there had to be somebody watching it about all the time. It burnt some of our fences, but there wasn't much damage done. We have another farm farther away, and there was a fire on it, too. Some of the men around had to go and watch it so it wouldn't burn the hay. My father has a saw-mill, and we had to watch the fire so that it wouldn't burn the mill. The fires gave the men and teams a lot of work, as the burnt timber had to be taken out this winter. I am ten years old, and am the youngest in the family.

MYRTLE HAILSTONE.

H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I was very pleased to receive the badge and pledge card. I think they are just beautiful. I would like to know how many members there are in the R. L. of K. I notice every week quite a number of names of new members. I hope I will be able to go to school this summer. I have never been at school except for a short time, but I try to learn all I can at home. I have two brothers and two sisters. We have the whooping cough. I am sending a riddle: What is the difference between a baby and a boot?

MABEL HELEN YOUNG.

[About the number of members in the Royal League of Kindness, Mabel, we have had an average of eight new members weekly since the first ones joined last August, and we are rapidly nearing the three hundred mark. We are very proud of such an army pledged to the cause of kindness among our correspondents. Ed.]

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'C. N. O. R. Station, Vandorf.' B. W. S., V., Ont.
2. 'A Bird.' Elsie Dinsmore (aged 11), F., Ont.
3. 'The Happy Family.' Eileen Smith, Montreal.
4. 'Cup and Saucer.' Tom Bacon (aged 8), Toronto.
5. 'Bank of Montreal.' Reggie Coles, V., Que.
6. 'My Horse's Head.' Gordon Bremner (aged 10), V., Man.
7. 'Mamma.' Beatrice Hoffman, Toronto.
8. 'Light House.' Margaret Parsons, B., Ont.
9. 'The Proposal.' Kathleen R. S., St. M., Ont.
10. 'Robinson Crusoe.' Jas. C. Forrest (aged 9), H. G., Ont.
11. 'Barn.' Estelle C. Fraser (aged 7), E., N.S.

OTHER LETTERS.

Laura Davidson, C., Ont., has 'one niece and two nephews. They are my eldest sister's children.'

Charlie Langill, C. N. A., N.S., has two cats 'and the most loveliest dog that ever walked.' Glad you think so, Charlie, but other boys might dispute your claim.

Eileen Smith, Montreal, sends a very good drawing, but then Eileen's drawings are always good. We are sure, Eileen, that if you only read your prize on astronomy, and look up and study the stars as you do so, you will find that mother is quite right. But, dear, dear, we musn't get talking on astronomy here, or there won't be room for anything else.

Fred Bergman, P., N.S., says 'Papa is going to sell six of our horses this spring. I shall be lonely without them, for I curried them every morning. In a few weeks I will send you a picture of my twenty-five year old colt.' Do, Fred, but ask father what he thinks of a twenty-five year old colt!

Bert Shanks, W., Man., has 'four horses to look after every morning, night, and noon.' Are you as fond of horses as Fred is, Bert?

Marion Harrison, W., Alta., writes 'We are going to have the post office. The first mail goes out on Thursday.' It is nice to be getting really settled, isn't it, Marion?

Zula M. Dymond, N. P., Que., answers Mary S.'s second riddle of which the answer was printed last week.

K. A. McKiggan, M. N. C., N.S., lives on a hill that faces the Bras d'Or lakes. 'It is a pretty place in summer and we can see the vessels passing by. My father has a shingle mill and I am always with him.' This is a riddle enclosed: What grows bigger the more you contract it?

Willie Goodwin, W., N.S., has a cat named Peter 'and I am teaching him to jump. We are building an ice house and will have lots of ice cream next summer. I wish the Editor could come and get some.' Thanks, Willie, for such good wishes.

Nettie McLellan, A., Sask., sends a little sketch that is quite well written but would be rather too long for this page. We also received short letters from Minnie M. Stiles, C. M., N.B., and Effie Butterworth, U. H., Ont.

Our Country's Flag.

Any boy or girl who wants a really fine flag of real wool bunting can have one for Empire Day by a little work. Read 'For the Empire' on another page.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Man in the Boy.

In the acorn is wrapped the forest,
In the little brook, the sea;
The twig that will sway with the sparrow to-day
Is to-morrow's sturdy tree.
There is hope in a mother's joy,
Like a peach in its blossom furled,
And a noble boy, a gentle boy,
A manly boy, is king of the world.

The power that will never fail us
Is the soul of simple truth;
The oak that defies the stormiest skies
Was upright in its youth;
The beauty no time can destroy
In the pure young heart is furled;
And a worthy boy, a tender boy,
A faithful boy, is king of the world.

The cub of the royal lion
Is regal in his play;
The eaglet's pride is as fiery-eyed
As the old bird's, bald and gray.
The nerve that heroes employ
In the child's young arm is furled,
And a gallant boy, a truthful boy,
A brave, pure boy, is king of the world.

—'The Pacific.'

About Gardening.

You are only a boy, or a girl. What can you do. Is there no garden near you where you can get from some generous person leave to weed the beds, or sweep up the dead leaves? (I once allowed an eager little girl of ten years old to weed my garden; and now, though it is long ago, she always speaks as if the favor had been done to her, and not to the garden and me.) Is there no dusty place that you can water?—if it be only the road before your door, the traveller will thank you. No roadside ditch that you can clean of its clogged rubbish, to let the water run clear? No scattered heap of brick-bats that you can make an orderly pile of? You are ashamed? Yes; that false shame is the Devil's pet weapon. He does more work with it even than with false pride. For with false pride, he only goads evil; but with false shame, paralyses good.

But you have no ground of your own; you are a girl, and can't work on other people's? At least you have a window of your own, or one in which you have a part interest. With very little help from the carpenter, you can arrange a safe box outside of it, that will hold earth enough to root something in. If you have any favor from Fortune at all, you can train a rose, or a honeysuckle, or a convolvulus, or a nasturtium, round your window a quiet branch of ivy—or if for the sake of its leaves only, a tendril or two of vine. Only, be sure all your plant-pots are kept well outside of the window. Don't come to having pots in the room, unless you are sick.

The primal object of your gardening, for yourself, is to keep you at work in the open air, whenever it is possible. The greenhouse will always be a refuge to you from the wind; which, on the contrary, you ought to be able to bear; and will tempt you into clippings and pottings and pettings, and mere standing dilettantism in a damp and over-scented room, instead of true labor in fresh air.

Secondly.—It will not only itself involve unnecessary expense—(for the greenhouse is sure to turn into a hot-house in the end; and even if not, is always having its panes broken, or its blinds going wrong, or its stands get used), but it will tempt you into buying nursery plants, and waste your time in anxiety about them.

Thirdly.—The use of your garden to the household ought to be mainly in the vegetables you can raise in it. And, for these, your proper observance of season, and of the authority of the stars, is a vital duty. Every climate gives its vegetable food to its living creatures at the right time; your business is to know that time, and be prepared for it, and to take the healthy luxury which Nature appoints you, in the rare annual taste of the thing given in those its due days. The vile and gluttonous modern habit of forcing never allows people properly to taste anything.

Lastly, and chiefly.—Your garden is to enable you to obtain such knowledge of plants as you may best use in the country in which you live by communicating it to others; and teaching them to take pleasure in the green herb, given for meat, and the colored flower, given for joy. And your business is not to make the greenhouse or hot-house rejoice and blossom like the rose, but the wilderness and solitary place.—Ruskin.

Glorious Light.

(The Rev. James Learmount, in the '[British Congregationalist.')

What glorious bright days we are having during these summer months! Where I live, on the Cotswold Hills, it is so bright, and the roads are so white, that one can hardly help thinking about the light and the beauty all round. It is sweet to behold the light and work of the sun. I know of nothing in the world that is purer than light. All our water contains traces of impurity, as does the air we breathe, but the light is always clean, pure, and unsullied. It shines and is as pure in a fever hospital as it is on the hills.

You have, perhaps, heard the legend about the famous statue of Memnon, who was killed by Achilles in sight of the Greek and Trojan armies. The Æthiopians, or Ægyptians, over whom Memnon reigned, erected this celebrated statue in memory of their king. This statue, we are told, brought forth wonderful music every morning as the light fell upon it. The light was the great harpist, and its invisible fingers made music which is spoken of in story to this day.

I do not wonder at even a glorious statue making music in these glorious bright days. It is a grand thing to be alive, and we all feel brighter when the sun pours down upon us.

We can also well believe it when we are told that light is one of the best of doctors and healers. In France, I believe, there are hospitals where some diseases are cured by light alone.

But natural light, wonderful as it is, is not the most wonderful light in the world. There is a wonderful expression in the Bible, where Jesus is called the 'Life and Light of men.' There is light in, and from, human lives. It has been demonstrated that living light is superior to all other glowing bodies. There is more light from a firefly than from a gas jet or an electric arc of the same size. The firefly is living, and life that gives light is more powerful than dead light like the light of the sun.

And what do you mean when someone has told you something you didn't know, and you say, 'I see'? To see means that light has come to you. And sometimes you give information to others, and they say: 'I see.' You can receive and give light. The sun is wearing itself away by its burning and shining, as do all other things giving light. But we are scarcely conscious of any loss as we impart the light of knowledge to others.

I saw on the front page of a little magazine a picture. A candle is standing in a candlestick, while another is seen held by someone's hand. The one is being lighted by the other, and round the whole picture there are these words, 'My light is not the less.' That is just what I said about our giving light to others.

But it is better than that. Not only is our own light no less, but it is better and often more, too; because when we impart knowledge, light, to others, the light we have is doubly ours in the very telling. We do not easily forget the things we tell to others, the telling rivets it upon the memory. That is the wonder about living light. Instead of burning itself out, it burns itself in. It increases in volume, and power, and glory, until a dunce of a boy at school, a boy who was slow to receive light, becomes a Sir Isaac Newton.

It is often better than that. We sometimes see other things when we are giving out the light we have. Often when preaching, when giving to others, I see no end of beautiful things about the subject I am dealing with that I never saw in the study. It often reminds me of a row of lights in front of some business premises, one jet lighted, and in a moment it has lit others all along the line.

I was reading about a splendid torch-light procession that was held in a country place in America in honor of a returned hero. As the procession started, one torch after another blazed out, as if touched by electricity. One could not tell what lighted them, for they were not waiting to give light to each other.

Presently a small child was discovered crouching under some planks, to keep away from the wind, with a lighted candle in his hand. Every torchbearer came to him for light.

Silent, smiling, happy, with one little hand sheltering the flame held in the other, the little fellow was lighting up the world of darkness.

We can become like that boy—light-givers. We can bring out sweet lights on the faces of our dear ones by being kind and helpful to them. We can give light of many kinds as we go through life. And I hope these bright sunny days will remind you also of the light of knowledge which may be yours, and also that it will remind you of Jesus, the Light of the World. He made all other lights, for 'without Him was not anything made that was made.' Christ was such a bright light, that darkness always flew away when He appeared: sickness, disease, sin, and even death's darkness could not exist when He shone upon them. And all who have loved Him since then have had His life in them and have had much of His power of conquering darkness. Just as snakes slink away into their holes when the sun rises, so when Christians have risen and shone upon the miseries of the world, such as slavery and other dark things, they have fled away, and left the world a better place to live in. Be little suns—Christ-suns. Be light-givers. Do not be of those who love the darkness because their deeds are evil, but be lovers of the day, because the day is in your heart and life and flashing out of your eyes, the day that has no night, because the Lamb is its light.

Royal Babies.

Royal babies, in the days of long ago, generally had two cradles, one for every day and another, a very grand one, for state occasions, when visitors came to see them and kiss their tiny hands, in courtly fashion.

Little Prince Edward, afterward Edward VI., was taken so much care of that no one was allowed to go near his cradle without an order signed by the king. He had two nurses, 'Mother Jak' and 'Sibilla Penne,' and four 'rockers'; that is, people to rock the cradle. You must know that rules were rules in those days, and a royal baby had to be rocked at certain hours, three or four times a day, whether the poor mite happened to be asleep or not.

James I. actually had five rockers, one of whom was called Jane Crummy. When he began to toddle, he was assisted by leading-strings of rose-colored silk. It was not all joy to be born in a palace in those strict days. Nobody might take the little princeling up but the proper person, or hunt for the pin that was pricking him; and, if that person were absent, the baby might scream himself hoarse, and nothing could be done. It was, as a writer of that time said, a 'real misery.'

Fancy, too, having baby's food tasted for fear some one should try to poison him! Do you think that things are better managed in the nice, comfortable days we have the good fortune to live in? I am sure that in the royal palaces of England to-day the little children have an ever so much better time of it, and are governed by the same good common sense rules that are made by your father and mother for you.—Selected.

A Great Lady.

Do you know anything about Count Tolstoy? If not, it will be well for you to learn that he is a great Russian nobleman who, after living not at all a good life until he was getting nearly old, at last understood that everybody ought to obey Jesus Christ and so became a Christian. He has often been sorry that he did not become a Christian many years earlier; and this means that all the little readers of this column should learn from Count Tolstoy to give themselves to Christ

while they are young. Yet it is not so much concerning Count Tolstoy as about an aunt of his that you are to be told. This aunt of Count Tolstoy was a very great lady, who lived in a large house and had lots of money and many servants. Also she was so religious that she went out to church every morning before breakfast. This, of course, meant getting up very early; and often the mornings were cold and dark. Now, in the bedroom of Count Tolstoy's aunt there always slept a woman-servant, whose duty it was to wait on her mistress; and most great ladies in her position never dreamed of dressing themselves without the help of a maid. But so kind was Count Tolstoy's aunt that when she got up very early she not only dressed herself, she even walked quietly about her room and went out as gently as possible so as not to wake the servant maid who shared her room.

* * * *

This last proved that Tolstoy's aunt was really a great lady. True greatness is shown more by consideration for others than by riches or fine clothes or haughty manners. How great are you? I do not mean what is your full height, or how many inches long would be a tape measure that went exactly round your waistcoast or pinafore. How far do you consider others? What about nurse and the other servants? I know some children who never think it matters how they treat a servant; and when nurse dresses them they hold their arms this way and put their heads that way, and do all they can to make things as difficult as possible. What is more, the things children say to servants when they are cross and stamp their feet are just terrible. How have you been behaving lately? I think I must send a postcard to the kitchen and ask. If a great lady like Count Tolstoy's aunt could treat her servant so well, surely you ought to be considerate. When Jesus Christ was a little boy his mother was too poor to afford a servant. But if they had had a maid in the little house in Nazareth how do you think Jesus would have treated her?—'Christian World.'

Lost in the Mountain.

'Hallo, Fritz!' cried his father one morning earlier than little English boys and girls are accustomed to rise, for the great red-faced sun was only just looking over the top of the lofty Alps. 'Hallo, Fritz! here is Carl calling you to hurry; 'tis a long way to the goat pasture, and he is impatient to be gone.'

'I am coming,' replied Fritz; 'one cannot dress, and breakfast, and prepare for a journey in a moment: besides, I expect to find game to-day, and must go equipped. I saw the chamois skipping on a dozen crags at sundown yesterday, and I mean to take a few.'

'Take thy staff only, foolish boy! as thy brother has done. Thy father's goats are your business; and were it not so, I fear the larder would be long without meat at the beams if thy hunting were its only dependence.'

But Fritz smiled at his father's light manner, as some very wise boys of nine years are apt to smile at the counsels of their elders, and kissing his mother, and pinching the baby's cheek, he ran out, quite entangling himself with his little gun, shot-belt and powder-horn, and quite unable to find room for the parcel of food his good mother had put ready for him.

'Carl has plenty!' he shouted back; 'and if not,' he added to himself, 'we shall be at the auberge before noon, and I don't think I shall be able to eat anything for many hours.'

'Come,' said Carl, waiting impatiently the last ten minutes, alpenstock to shoulder, for the self-important Fritz; 'we should have been well on our way by this! What are these nonsensical toys for?'

Nonsensical toys, indeed! True, the gun had never shot anything yet, so there was little danger of it shooting Fritz; also the bullets were too big for its barrel, and the powder-flask and all had been hidden away behind the barn in the wet grass for weeks. But Fritz was a great hunter in his own imagination; and he settled with Carl's interference as he had with his father's—he didn't know anything about it.

'Where are you going now?' cried Carl, as Fritz, having strayed from the narrow path, was peering cautiously behind boulders and craning his neck to gaze into the hollows beneath in search of game; 'keep to the path, or you may suddenly find yourself where no hand of mine can reach you.'

'Hist!' whispered Fritz; 'look yonder!' pointing to the hollow between two opposite crags only a dozen feet across, but with a gulf between that a line a thousand feet in length would fail to reach the bottom of.

'I see the chamois,' replied Fritz.

'What of it, simple one? Come you to the path, I say, and delay our journey no longer with your foolishness—Hi! oosh! holla!'

Carl shouted this out with the full strength of his voice, raising his arms and swaying them towards the timid animals, who, terror-stricken, bounded away from crag and were presently out of sight.

'Thou art no brother of mine for thy spitefulness!' angrily shouted Fritz, tumbling head-long over a boulder, and needing instantly his brother's strong arm to pull him back from the edge of the precipice towards which he was helplessly rolling.

'I would my father had thought twice ere he sent thee with me to-day, thou ill-natured one!' said Carl, giving Master Fritz a series of hearty shakes ere he set him once more on his feet upon the path. 'Now, then, take thy staff and hasten. If I see thee playing any more pranks I'll fling thy gun into the torrent, and chance what thou thinkest afterwards.'

These vigorous shakes and Carl's threats, which Fritz felt sure he would carry into execution if he gave him occasion, had the effect of subduing our young hunter's zeal very much; and the sun now getting quite a golden complexion, having driven all the mists away, was shining high in the cloudless blue vault above their heads, and painting the snow-clad peaks of the mountains in a thousand lovely tints of blue and carmine, and amber and green.

'Oh, I begin to get very hungry!' cried Fritz, wistfully—he might have added, very tired with the needless weight of his gun and shot-belt and powder-horn: but he said nothing about this to Carl; only if he had been quite alone he would have put off his hunting for a day or so, and hidden his hunting implements until he came home in the evening.

FRITZ'S HOME.

'Hungry!' said Carl; 'where is the food mother put for thee?'

'I—I—didn't bring it; I thought I should not be hungry for many hours, and I said Carl had plenty.'

'Carl has only enough for himself!' he cried ungraciously; 'and now thou hast so shown thyself to be a simple one, make the more haste that we may reach the auberge in time for dinner.'

Carl then drew forth his big clasp-knife, and opening his little bag took out his luncheon and proceeded leisurely to enjoy it—his long legs striding forward the while, utterly regardless of poor Fritz, trotting wearily along by his brother's side, and heartily wishing the gun and shot-belt and powder-horn were lying in the bed of the brawling torrent into which Carl had threatened to fling them, and the hoarse music of whose waters ascend-

ed to their ears as they walked onwards.

But Carl reserved the better half of his luncheon for Fritz, and would give it to him presently when he had sufficiently punished him for his foolishness.

But ah! the sudden snapping of a twig—a slight disturbance of the snow—a childish, despairing outcry, 'Carl! Carl! save me!' and Carl stood alone on his way to the goat pasture.

I do not hold Fritz up as a terrible specimen of wickedness who was meeting his just punishment. The very best boy in the world might have met with such an accident; but, you see, Fritz was troubled with the knowledge that had he been intent only upon his father's business, as he ought to have been, this disaster would not have happened.

But he would make the best of it, and not lie still and be smothered in the snow; he now worked vigorously with his hands and dug himself out.

Oh, how hungry he was!

Shouting was no good; no one could hear him, and, if any one heard, how could they reach him! Overhead the blue sky appeared—not the sky of noon-day—but a dark blue, so dark that he fancied he saw stars twinkling out of it.

Now for his skill as a hunter. A long way

'A DAMP NOSE PUSHED AWAY THE SNOW.'

above him on his left hand were a couple of chamois, gazing steadfastly down upon him as he sat, and so indifferent to his nearness to themselves that one of them polished its soft glistening coat with its tongue, and scratched its neck with one hind leg, and then affectionately licked the face of its gentle companion.

Shoot them? Not for the world! They were the only living things around him—the last living things, most likely, that he would ever gaze upon. Oh, for Carl's trusty hand now! oh, for Mother's loving voice! for Father's words of wisdom to fall upon his ears once more!

Would he die here in this desolate spot? Would the snow be his grave? The only sound he could hear was the moaning of the wind. He fancied the light was growing dim around him, and again and again he had to battle with the snow, into which he was continually sinking.

And while poor distracted Carl, forgetting the goats and all else save the probable fate of his little brother, spent the hours in fruitless attempts to discover his whereabouts—for, as I have said, the snow closed over the disappearing form and left no trace—the day really drew to a close, the sun was gone, the shadows of night crept darkly down the frowning mountains, which seemed to close in as though huddling together for company through the growing darkness, and the little form lost to the world, and spent with hunger and cold, sank deeper and deeper into the yielding snow, until but the nearly frozen finger-tips of the last hand that had weakly battled with the snow lay above its surface.

But no dreadful Alpine chasm is so deep that the hand of God cannot reach its bottom. No snow-drift can hide what is hid in its bosom from His all-searching eye, and Fritz was not left to perish.

You have all heard of the good monks of St. Bernard, who go out from their convent home and, aided by their noble dogs, rescue unfortunate travellers who have strayed from the narrow paths or fallen into some crevasse.

Fritz had heard of these dogs, and seen them,—had patted the head of more than one of the intelligent creatures; but he little thought he would owe his own life, by God's mercy, to one of them.

But so it was, for by-and-by, when the moon had risen and was sending her clear cold rays to lighten the glistening sides of the chasm, a damp nose pushed away the snow, and a warm rough tongue caressingly licked the freezing fingers, and presently a dog's deep bay went echoing up the sides of the precipice.

And listening ears heard the sound, and, guided by it, some one, who was sure-footed enough to follow the dog's footprints, came just in time to receive the almost lifeless little body which the noble animal had succeeded in dragging to the surface.

And pouring some drops of a reviving cordial between the boy's pallid lips, and rubbing his hands and feet with handsful of snow, they wrapped him in a rug, and with slow and toilsome yet sure footsteps carried him to the convent, and laid him by the hearth before the fire of blazing logs.

Then Fritz presently opened his eyes and they gave him a drink of warm goat's milk, and by-and-by he told them who he was, and they put him to bed; and before sunrise news came to his parents and poor sorrowing Carl, which set their hearts rejoicing.—'Sabbath Reading for the Young.'

For the Empire.

No sooner were Easter Holidays past that a hurried count was made to the next one; and at once the small boys began reciting the famous old jingle 'Twenty-fourth of May is the Queen's Birthday.' Yes, they say it the old way still, and His Majesty would surely approve of it, for did he not decree that May 24, his noble mother's birthday, our late beloved Queen Victoria, should be kept as the official celebration of his own birthday that really comes in dull and often gloomy November. We call the day now Victoria Day; and thanks to the happy suggestion of a Canadian lady, Mrs. Clementina Fessenden, of Hamilton, we have on the school day next before the public holiday of Victoria Day, another noted day that is becoming yearly more and more enthusiastically kept throughout the king's vast dominions—and that is 'Empire Day.' On Empire Day Britons everywhere think and talk and sing of their glorious heritage, of the immense Empire on which the sun never sets, of His Gracious Majesty King Edward, and of our duties and responsibilities as part of so great a realm. It is a day when we want flags, plenty of them, and music and rejoicing.

We are going to make it easy for boys and girls in Canada to get a flag of their own for Empire Day—a really good one, of the regulation wool bunting like the ships use. We have imported flags one yard long and half a yard wide, of best British make, and we are prepared to give them to any boy (or girl) in Canada who sells just 20 copies of this Empire Number at only 10 cents a copy. Now, remember! we will send six on credit willingly if you mean business, but you must pay for those before you get the next lot. When we have the whole $2.00 in hand, your flag is earned and mailed at once, so if you can send cash in advance, by getting orders promised now, why, your flag reaches you all the sooner. Read on another page all about the Empire Number, and get to work this very moment to talk it up and get orders. Don't forget the competition, now, on covering largest sales of April, May and June. Some one is going to win those prizes, over and above all, why not you? Full particulars were given in last week's 'Messenger,' and can be had at any time by sending a post card to our address. Remember! even if you start late, you may win by an extra push and the Empire Number is a great one to push on, so lose no time.

Let us hear from you at once, and if you've never sold before we will send you full particulars of our whole plan.

Address JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial.'

N.B.—If two or three or more boys or girls in a school worked together they might get not one small flag, but a much larger one of the same fine quality and present it to the school. Full particulars for the asking.

Sunday School Offer.

Any school in Canada that does not take the 'Messenger' may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.

LITTLE FOLKS

Taking Care of Kitty.

They brushed the clothes, they beat the clothes,
One sunny April day—
Their winter clothes, I mean—and then
They packed them all away
In paper boxes tied around,
With very strongest strings,
First freely sprinkling them with some
Tobacco dust and camphor gum.

And when their labor done they took
Their tea and toasted bread,
'Why, where is kitty?' someone asked,
And 'I know,' Lulu said;
'She's in my dollies' biggest trunk;
I brushed and beated her:
There can't not any moths, I dess,
Det into her nice fur.
She scratched my fingers when I put
The camphor stuff about,
Div me some toast that's buttered froo.'
They left it all to her and flew
To get poor kitty out.

—Eugene Field.

Willie's Penny.

Willie's penny made heaven rejoice! It would not have bought more than a stick of candy, or much helped a starving family. What did he do with it?

His sister was a missionary's wife in Africa, and the family were filling a box to send her. As one after another deposited their gifts, little Willie said: 'I want to give my penny.'

'What shall be bought with the little offering,' was the next question. It was decided to buy a tract, and write the history of the gift on its margin, and, with a prayer for its success, send it on a distant errand.

The box arrived on mission ground, and among its valuable, interesting contents Willie's gift was laid away unnoticed, and for a while forgotten. But God's watchful all-seeing eye had not forgotten it. One day a native teacher was starting from the mission station to go to school over the mountain where he was to be employed. He was well learned in the language, and was a valuable help to the missionaries, but, alas! he lacked the knowledge that cometh from above. He was not a Christian, and had resisted all efforts for his conversion. This was a great grief to the missionaries, but they continued to hope.

In looking over some papers, Willie's tract was discovered, with the marginal explanation, and the fact that prayer had been offered in America for its success in doing good. It was handed to the native teacher. He read it on his journey. It opened his eyes, showed him that he was a lost sinner, in danger of eternal death, and that all his learning could not help him. It also told him of One who was able and willing to save, who had died for him, and was waiting to have His great love returned.

What years of Christian labor by the missionaries had not done, was now brought about by the penny tract. The strong man bowed in penitence and humble submission at Jesus' feet, and became a sincere Christian. The missionaries to whom he went praised God for the change by which they became blessed with a godly teacher. Those who put the tract in his hand were overcome with joy, for there is joy in heaven 'over one sinner that repenteth.' So you see how little Willie's penny made heaven rejoice. —The 'Children's Friend.'

How Kindness Won.

Dick was a very little donkey to have such a will of his own. You wouldn't have thought, unless you knew donkeys, that this small brown animal with the bright eyes and long ears could be so stubborn. He stood there in the road and refused to go one step farther; neither would he turn his head towards home.

'Oh dear! What a bad donkey!' exclaimed little Bertie in dispair. 'How shall we ever be able to make him move?'

Brother Lloyd, with the confidence of eight years, ran to the side of the road and brought back a short stick with which he industriously switched the obstinate animal's sides. Alas! the donkey bore it better than he did, and he soon stopped, breathless.

After a moment's thought, Bertie as a last resort, drew out an apple, and held it up in front of Dick's nose. For a single instant he sniffed at the rosy fruit, then moved forward obediently and took it in his mouth.

'All aboard!' cried Lloyd and he and his brother clambered upon the seat.

And if you will believe it, whether he had forgotten his late ill temper, or because the kindness of his good little master had conquered him, Dick set off at a lively pace, still munching the apple and they had no more trouble with him during the remainder of the drive.—'Sunbeam.'

—'Rayon de Soleil.'

How Pet Ordered the Groceries

(R. F. Knapp, in 'S. S. Times.')

Pet's home was only a few steps from the grocery store, and she often went with her mamma to order the groceries. She would stand back and listen as her mamma said, 'Two pounds of steak, a dozen eggs, a cake of soap, and a bushel of potatoes,' and then watch the grocer as he wrote down the order. Often he gave her an apple or a piece of candy, for he was very fond of Pet.

One afternoon Pet's mamma was obliged to be away from home, and she could not very well take Pet, so she said, 'Now, Pet, you stay and keep house in mamma's place this afternoon. Papa will be up in his study, and if you get lonely you may go up and sit with him. Be a good girl, won't you, Pet? You are mamma's little housekeeper to-day.'

Pet wished she had some brothers and sisters to play with, but she hadn't, so she began to dress her dolls, and that took quite a while, for there were five of them. But finally she had them all dressed, and then she sat down to think what she could do next.

'Why, I 'most forgot!' she exclaimed, jumping up in a great hurry. 'I don't believe mamma has ordered her groc'ries to-day. I must go right over and do it.'

So she put on her hat and ran over to the grocery. Mr. Barnes was very much surprised to see her coming alone, but he was more surprised when she said, 'I have come to order the groc'ries, Mr. Barnes.'

'Have you?' said Mr. Barnes.

'Yes; and I want some meat—roast ham chops, I think I'll have to-day, and I guess six pounds will be enough; and I want a pound of butter, and a pound—no, two pounds—of pink sugar.' She had seen her mother color the cake yesterday with some pink sugar, and it was so pretty that she wanted another one like it to-morrow.

'And—let me see—oh, yes; I want a fish; a cod fish, if you have one. Maybe I'd better have two, for papa is very fond of fish.'

Mr. Barnes had been writing down her order with a very sober face, just as if he was in the habit of taking orders from five-year-old girls every day.

'I guess that's all,' said Pet. 'Why, no, I pretty near forgot the tea. I'll take five pounds, please; and a little milk, for papa likes milk in his tea. Please send the things right over,' and Pet ran back to her dolls. Pretty soon she went up to papa's study, and became so interested in looking at a new book that she was surprised to see her mother step in.

'Why, mamma, are you back so soon?' she said.

'Yes, Pet, but didn't you know it's nearly supper time?'

'No; is it?' and Pet got up and looked anxiously down into the street. 'I don't believe Mr. Barnes has sent those groc'ries yet, and I told him to send them right over.'

'I saw him, dear, and told him he need not send them till morning,' said her mother.

Pet looked relieved, and was glad that it didn't matter because the groceries were late. When they came in the morning, she was out at play, so she never knew that it was lamb instead of 'ham chops,' and granulated sugar instead of 'pink,' and that the tea and fish were left out entirely. But good old Barnes often laughs when he tells about Pet's order.

My Kittens.

I wish you could see my kittens, they think our big dog is just for them to play with, and lick his face and, bite his ears, and play with his tail and follow him everywhere, and yet they never saw a big dog until I got them, when they were six weeks old.

Kittie and Ducklings.

What could you think if you saw a kitten lying on top of your ducklings? The Rev. Mr. Wood says, he knew one that was great friends with the ducks, and always lay down on top of them when they went to sleep.

THE WOMEN'S EDITION OF THE WITNESS

Preparations for this most interesting number are being pushed forward rapidly, and expectation runs high—and curiosity—as to what the Montreal ladies are going to give their readers.

Certain it is that it will be of interest from cover to cover. It will, of course, have a greatly increased number of pages; indeed, it will be several times the size of an ordinary 'Witness.' The project is receiving warm support, as far as the make-up goes, and art schools are competing for the honor of furnishing the cover design. The issue will contain articles written by well-known people on all sorts of subjects, and as we have said before, the editorials, the market and stock reports and all the news items will be written by the ladies of Montreal themselves. It will mean for them a vast amount of very hard work, but it is gladly and ungrudgingly given for the children's sake—to secure money for the extension of the playgrounds for city children, and to stir up public opinion on this great question.

A goodly number of entries have come in for the 'Last Line' and 'Original' Limerick contests, April 30 being the last day at which they can received. The ladies will then proceed to select the best and get the prize list in shape for its place in the 'Women's Edition.'

Montreal's young folks are loyally helping in the sale of the coupons, and the prospects are that the enormous edition will be rapidly bought up, as often three or four members in one family will want to secure a copy to keep, besides the copies that will be sent away to friends.

Every reader of the 'Messenger' will want to see this wonderful 'Witness' when it comes out in May. Montreal readers can buy it at any newsdealers. Out of town readers desiring to secure one or more copies should order, WITHOUT DELAY, either through their local newsdealers or direct from the 'Witness' Office.

Five cents for each copy wanted, to be sent to any address in Canada outside Montreal; United States postage, two cents extra; foreign postage, five cents extra. Stamps accepted. Send remittances to JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Dept. C., 'Witness' Office, Montreal.

Order at once. No time to lose if you want to be sure of a copy.

BOYS! A SPLENDID FLAG FREE.

A real Army and Navy quality Flag (best wool bunting) given to every boy or girl who sells twenty copies of the 'Canadian Pictorial' (advertised below), at 10 cents each. This is a grand chance to be up and doing to have a good flag to hoist on Empire Day, and other national holidays.

Write us for a supply this very day, mentioning or enclosing this advertisement.

THE PICTORIAL PUBLISHING CO.,
142 St. Peter St., Montreal.

AN EMPIRE NUMBER

For All Who Like to "Think Imperially" on Empire Day.

To Canada belongs the honor of leading in the Empire Day celebrations, now so universally kept up throughout the length and breadth of His Majesty's vast dominions. It was a Canadian lady who first suggested such a day; it was in Canada that it first came into vogue, and it is fitting that the

'CANADIAN PICTORIAL,'

the great national illustrated magazine of Canada, should make its May number

An EMPIRE NUMBER

The cover will show the magnificent 'Dreadnought' in all its awful grandeur, fearful neither of storm of sea or of the fiercest battle. And throughout the whole issue, while not neglecting news pictures of world happenings, it will breathe the spirit of Empire. The frontispiece will show the latest picture taken of His Majesty King Edward, along with their Royal Highnesses, the Prince of Wales and his son, Prince Edward, three generations of the British Royal House.

Then there will be pictures of the army and pictures of the navy, showing where the Empire's men-of-war are built; there will be patriotic scenes in various parts of the Empire; there will be pictures dealing with the problems of Empire from a Canadian standpoint, the constant movement of emigrants out from the heart of the Empire to the building up and solidifying of its outposts, and there will also be patriotic music. Altogether it will be such a number as every true Britisher will delight in. Stories, jokes and other departments will fill up the cup of interest, and the price is only

10 CENTS A COPY

One dollar a year, or 35 cents for six months' trial to new subscribers. Use (or copy) attached coupon.

The Pictorial Publishing Co.

'Witness' Block, Montreal, Canada.

Gentlemen:
Please send me the 'Canadian Pictorial' for six months for which I enclose your trial rate of 35 cents.

Name .....

Address .....

For clubbing offers see page 15.

Temperance

No Compensation.

A Story More Fact Than Fable.

(The Rev. F. Docker, in the 'Alliance News.')

Drip! drip! drip! went the wearisome rain. London was a soaked sponge. Even Mark Tapley himself could not have been cheerful under such conditions. A cold in the head and a soaking wet evening do not contribute to a cheerful condition of heart. Add to that a touch of liver complaint, and a discontented mind with respect to society in general, and the reader will understand that I was not particularly happy on the evening to which my story relates.

But what was the cause of my discontent? Well, just the subject of 'No Compensation.' 'Compensate this licensed iniquity!' I was repeating to myself over and over again.

The rain was splashing in a pool of water that had settled at the front door of my lodgings. It was a suburb of London in which I had temporarily settled after a good few years of absence from England, and during my absence, I was conscious that matters had not improved from the total abstinent standpoint. I had been specially startled to see the number of women who crowded into the liquor shops, and specially young women. It was not so when I left England years ago.

Well, these were my reflections as I stood at the window, watching the rain, when, suddenly, a woman, ill-clad and soaked, flitted past my window. For a second she turned her face towards me, and in a moment I was in the hall and at the door. 'Annie, Annie; Mrs. Wilson,' I was crying, and the object of my sudden solicitude stopped dead like a sucker fastened firm to the wet ground—for her rotten boots seemed like suckers.

'Why, my dear woman, is it you? And in London! Why, bless me! In the name of conscience, what brings you here, Annie, in this plight, too? I should have thought you were a hundred miles away.'

In her bewilderment she began to say, 'Well, sir, I never expected to see you, but I came up to London——'

'Wait a minute,' I exclaimed, and, ringing the bell, I said to the maid, 'Just take this person and completely change her with dry things,' and refusing to hear explanation or protest, I pushed her gently forward in the direction that the astonished domestic led her.

And need enough there was for this little service, for a circle of water lay round about where she had stood a moment before. Of course, the reader will understand that my familiar acquaintance with my protegee gave me the right of dealing so freely with her.

At length she re-appeared, decked out in one of our maid's dresses, which was not so bad a fit. And as she sat with the steaming tea before her, I had time to take in her whole personality. And what a change! All that remained of her former glory was her hair. The gold still lingered in it; but it served only to increase the withered aspect of her face. It had something of the mocking contrast that a woman of an uncertain age has when she tricks herself out in garments of unbecoming juvenility.

'Now, tell me,' I said, 'what brings you here in London, Annie.'

'Oh, then, you haven't heard?' she replied.

'How should I, seeing that I have been out of England now for several years, and I only returned a month ago?'

'You haven't heard,' she whispered, with a sob that shook her fragile form, 'that Jim and Annie are dead. You remember Annie, sir?' and all the mother came into her face—I saw Gethsemane written there.

'Yes; I remember her well,' I answered, 'but come, drink your tea, you are faint.' I would have stopped her from narrating her story, but I could see, in her present state of nervous tension, there would be a relief in telling her story, so I let her continue.

'Did you know, sir, that Jim became manager of the "Farriers' Arms," at Newbridge?' and she looked down, and her fingers toyed nervously with the wedding ring she still retained, in spite of her poverty, while she twisted it round and round the finger on which it had grown very slack, as she related her story.

'Yes,' I said, 'I heard something to that effect.'

'Well, he did, sir, and that caused it all. Jim was always a bit ambitious, and discontented with his lot. He wanted to get on. He was a mill furnace man, you remember, in Baggerade's iron works. You remember Baggerade's?' I assented. 'He never was a very good hand at his trade. Some of his mates could earn big money, but Jim never did, and he was a bit jealous. So one day he said to me, "Annie, what do you say to our taking a public-house?"'

"'A public-house!' I said, 'why, Jim, you're mad. I hope you'll bury me and Annie before ever you take a public-house. Besides, where've you got money to buy a public-house? It takes hundreds of pounds for a public-house and we haven't got a hundred pence.'

"'That's just it, lass,' he said, 'that's just where the chance comes in. Don't you know there are what they call tied houses? A big company finds the money, and you manage them. Well, I've had the manager of Brewster's big company talking to me; he says I'm just the sort of man they want, honest and steady, and I wouldn't drink too much of the stuff myself, instead of selling it. That's where the men go wrong, he says, either the manager himself or his wife goes wrong, and takes more than's good for themselves, and more especially, which is the principal thing, more than's good for the trade. They've had one or two managers, or their wives, that have drunk themselves to death inside five years. The manager was very complimentary, and he said, as he happened to know you and me, he knew we shouldn't do that sort of thing. Then you see, he says, what a splendid thing it will be for us. We shall make a fortune in no time, specially if we can only make the "Farriers' Arms" pay, which it hasn't been doing. And he says we should soon have a licensed house of our own.'

"'But, Jim,' I pleaded, and I put my arms round his neck, 'we don't want a licensed house. I'll work or do anything, but don't take a place like that. Then, think of taking little Annie amongst company of that sort!'

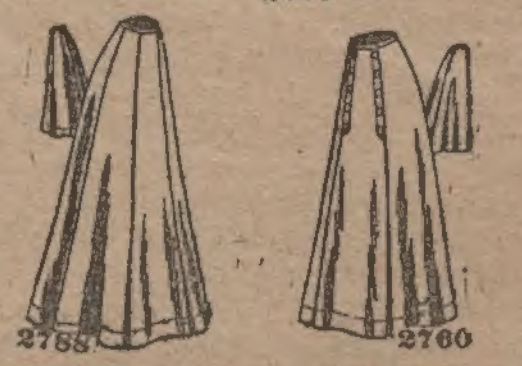
(To be Continued.)

PAGE WHITE FENCES
Get the Best. Styles for Lawns, Farms and Ranches. Made of high carbon wire, galvanized and then painted white. Tougher and stronger wire than goes into any other fence. Get 1909 prices and illustrated booklet.
THE PAGE WIRE FENCE CO., LIMITED
Largest fence and gate manufacturers in Canada
WALKERVILLE TORONTO MONTREAL ST. JOHN VANCOUVER VICTORIA

..HOUSEHOLD..

FOR THE BUSY MOTHER.

The home dressmaker should keep a little catalogue scrap book of the daily pattern cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.



2784.—Ladies' waist, with body lining and with or without bolero and girdle.—This is a dainty and attractive model for the waist of silk, messaline or challis, with a bolero of velvet or satin hand-embroidered in the same or a contrasting shade of silk floss. Five sizes, 32 to 40.

2775.—Ladies' tucked shirt-waist, with fancy yoke.—A model that will be much worn, developed in batiste, lawn, messaline or nun's-veiling and trimmed with heavy lace insertion. Six sizes, 32 to 42.

2788.—Ladies' nine-gored skirt, with inverted box-plait at centre-back seam and at lower part of side-front seams.—The model is a very stylish one for the separate skirt of any material, having the fashionable slim appearance around the top and plenty of room around the feet. Eight sizes, 22 to 36.

2760.—Misses' five-gored skirt, closing at left side of front.—A model that will be much used for the separate skirt of serge, mohair, flannel or cheviot as well as for all the washable materials such as linen, khaki or pique. Three sizes, 13 to 17 years.

Always give the size wanted as well as number of the pattern, and mention the name of the design or else cut out the illustration and send with the order. Price of each number 10 cents (stamps or postal note). The following form will prove useful:—

Please send me pattern No. ....., size ....., name of pattern ....., as shown in the 'Messenger.' I enclose 10 cents.

Be sure to give your name and address clearly.

Address all orders to:—'Northern Messenger' Pattern Dept., 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Manners at Home.

The most agreeable people in company are those who are perfectly agreeable at home. Home is the university of life. Its teachings frequently go farther in making us the true gentlemen and ladies we ought to be than all the learning and uplift of the schools.

Some useful suggestions for correct deportment were once codified by Ralph Waldo Emerson, and they have not spoiled by lapse of years. He said:

'Tis a rule of manners to avoid exaggeration. A lady loses as soon as she admires too easily and too much. In man or woman, the face and the person lose power when they are on the strain to express admiration.

A man makes his inferiors his superiors by heat. Why need you, who are not a gossip, talk as a gossip, and tell eagerly what the

Thoroughly Cooked Food

ALL cereals should be thoroughly cooked to get the best results for food purposes. In our Canadian Agricultural Colleges they have tested the effect of cooking on the solubility of foods:

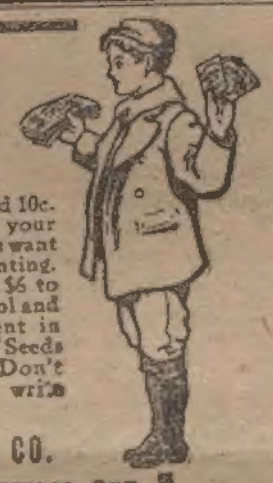
Read this table:

ROLLED OATS	P.C. Solids Soluble in Water.	WHEAT FLOUR	P. C. Solids Soluble in Water.
Time Cooked.		Time Cooked.	
Uncooked	8.43	Uncooked	6.97
30 minutes	14.95	20 minutes	37.40
2 hours	18.79	2 hours	37.19
5 hours	29.93	5 hours	38.37
8 hours	31.39	8 hours	39.99

You will notice the gradual rise in percentage due to long cooking. Very few homes are equipped to spend the time or fuel necessary to properly prepare cereals. By a system of steam pressure and heavy machinery, the ORANGE MEAT people thoroughly clean and steam cook the wheat, then malt and flake each grain, after which it is dried and toasted. This produces the largest percentage of solubility; a process totally impossible in the ordinary kitchen.

Read carefully the private postcard in every package detailing particulars of a most remarkable Cash Prize offer.

IT'S EASY TO MAKE MONEY



SELLING our 5c. and 10c. Seed Packages. All your friends and neighbors want them for Spring planting. Boys and girls make $6 to $12 a week after school and on Saturdays. Agent in re-ordering says: "Seeds sell like wildfire." Don't wait until too late, write at once to

ONTARIO SEED CO.

111 KING ST., WATERLOO, ONT.

SEND $1 Receive 4 Wool Remnants, suitable for Boys' knee pants up to 11 years. Give age, and we will cut pants free; add 25 cents for postage. N. SOUTHCOTT & CO., 23 Coote Block, London, Ont.

LADIES' SUITS, $7.50 to $18

Tailored to order. Beautiful Dress Skirts, $3 to $9; Shirt Waist Suits, $4.75 to $12. Send to-day for cloth samples and new style book. They are free. SOUTHCOTT SUIT CO. London, Can.

neighbors or the journals say? State your opinion without apology.

The attitude is the main point. Assure your companion that, come good news or come bad, you remain in good heart and good mind, which is the best news you can possibly communicate.

Self-control is the rule. You have in you there a noisy, sensual savage, which you are to keep down, and turn all his strength to beauty.

For example: what a seneschal and detective is laughter! It seems to require several generations of education to train a squeaking or a shouting habit out of man.

Sometimes, when in almost all expressions the Choctaw and the slave have been worked out of him, a coarse nature still betrays itself in his contemptible squeals of joy.

The great gain is not to shine, not to conquer your companion—then you learn nothing but conceit—but to find a companion who knows what you do not; to tilt with him and be overthrown, horse and foot, with utter destruction of all your logic and learning.

There is a defeat that is useful. Then you can see the real and the counterfeit, and will never accept the counterfeit again. You will adopt the art of war that has defeated you. You will ride to battle horsed on the very logic which you found irresistible. You will accept the fertile truth, instead of the solemn, customary lie.

When people come to see us, we foolishly prattle, lest we be inhospitable. But things said for conversation are chalk eggs. Don't say things. What you are stands over you the while, and thunders so that I can not hear what you have to say to the contrary.

A lady of my acquaintance said, 'I don't care so much for what they say as I do for what makes them say it.'

The law of the table is beauty—a respect to the common sort of all the guests. Everything is unreasonable which is private to two or three or any portion of the company.

Tact never violates for a moment this law; never intrudes the orders of the house, the vices of the absent, or a tariff of expenses, or professional privacies; as we say, we never 'talk shop' before company.

Lovers abstain from caresses, and haters from insults, whilst they sit in one parlor with common friends.

Would we codify the laws that should reign in households, and whose daily transgression annoys and mortifies us, and degrades our household life, we must learn to adorn every day with sacrifices. Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices.—Michigan 'Christian Advocate.'

You cannot possibly have a better Cocoa than

EPPS'S

A delicious drink and a sustaining food. Fragrant, nutritious and economical. This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold.

COCOA

Sold by Grocers and Storekeepers in ½-lb. and ¼-lb Tins.

Synopsis of Canadian Northwest Land Regulations.

ANY person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties. — Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent), and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price, $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

When writing to advertisers please mention the "Northern Messenger."

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

(Strictly in Advance).

Single Copies	$ .40 a year
Three Copies, separately addressed if desired, for	1.00 "
Four Copies, separately addressed if desired, per copy	.30
Ten Copies or more, to one address, per copy	.20

Four copies, separately addressed, one year for one dollar, if three are new.

Six months trial at half the above rates.

Postage included for Canada (Montreal and Suburbs excepted), Newfoundland and the British Isles; also for Bahamas, Barbadoes, Bermuda, British Guiana, British Honduras, British North Borneo, Ceylon, Cyprus, Falkland Islands, Fiji, Gambia Gibraltar, Hongkong, Jamaica, Leeward Islands, Malta, Mauritius, New Zealand, Northern Nigeria, Sarawak, Seychelles, Sierra Leone, Southern Nigeria, Transvaal, Trinidad Tobago, Turk's Island and Zanzibar.

U. S. Postage 10c extra to the United States, Alaska, Hawaiian and Philippine Islands except in clubs, to one address, when each copy will be fifteen cents extra postage per annum.

Foreign Postage to all countries not named in the above list, **fifty cents extra.**

Samples and Subscription Blanks freely and promptly sent on request.

A SPLENDID GROUP—TRY IT!

The 'Witness' For over sixty years unrivalled in the confidence of the Canadian public. Latest news, market reports, etc., financial and literary reviews, good stories, home and boys pages, queries, etc., etc. Valuable departments devoted to farming interests. A clean commercial, agricultural and home newspaper. (Send for a sample.) $1.00 a year.

With the 'Messenger' $1.20.

'World Wide' A weekly reprint of the best things in the world's great journals. Reflects the thought of the times. Best cartoons of the week. The busy man's paper. Nothing like it anywhere for the money. Send for a sample. $1.50 a year.

With the 'Messenger' $1.75.

'Canadian Pictorial' Canada's popular illustrated monthly. High grade paper, high grade pictures. Interesting to young and old alike. Many of its full page pictures suitable for framing. $1.00 a year.

With the 'Messenger' $1.00.

The **'Northern Messenger'** speaks for itself. A favorite for over forty years, and increasingly popular. A potent influence for good.

'Weekly Witness,' 'Canadian Pictorial' and 'Northern Messenger,' one year each, $1.70

SPECIAL FAMILY CLUB.

'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead'	$ 1.00
'World Wide'	$ 1.50
'Canadian Pictorial'	$ 1.00
'Northern Messenger'	.40
Worth	$ 3.90

All for one year, $2.70

or the FOUR papers for FOUR months for $1.00

anywhere in the "Postage Included" group. (See above). For U. S. or abroad, special terms quoted on clubs.

Any one of the group may be sent to a friend AS A GIFT subscription, if so marked.

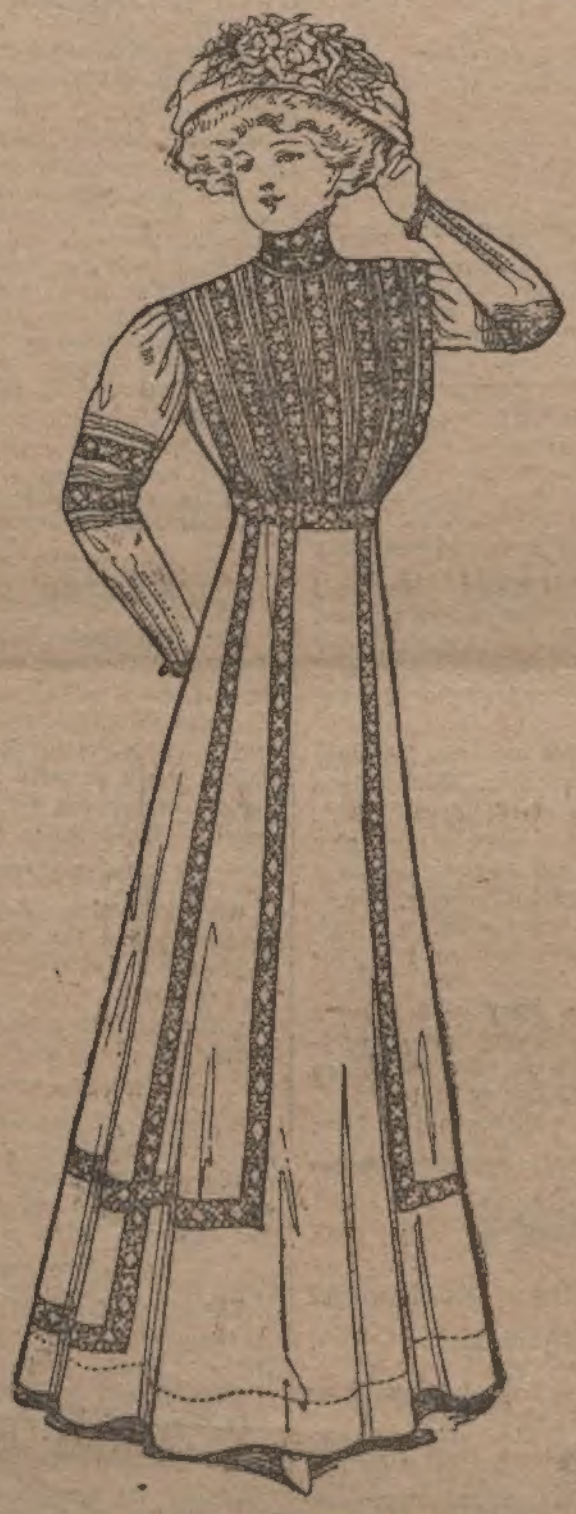
THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

TWO DAINTY SUMMER GOWNS

THE SEMI-PRINCESS GOWNS illustrated are chosen from among hundreds of styles in our stock as being typical of the styles that are in vogue in both Paris and New York. The original models we have carefully copied, and we offer these two numbers at such low prices that will bring this section of our big Cloak Department to the notice of all Canadian ladies from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Stock sizes only 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 bust measurement; 36 to 44 hip measurement, taken six inches below the waist: total length from neck to bottom of skirt, 52 to 60 inches.



G627—$4.75

G627.—A dainty dress of fine, soft French mull. The new semi-princess type, in white, pink and sky, elaborately trimmed with a beautiful imitation of a fine Torchon lace. The bodice has seven rows of insertion and clusters of tucks between. Sleeves and skirt trimmed with lace to match. Fastens at back. Extraordinary offer.. .. .. $4.75

G622—$4.95

G622.—A very stylish semi-princess dress of fine French mull, in white, pink and sky. Handsomely trimmed with a fine filet insertion. Bodice with yoke front, and rows of insertion at back. The skirt trimmed all around with strips of lace insertion, the front forming a panel effect. Very special.. .. $4.95

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY LIMITED

TORONTO, CANADA